

THE STATE SENTINEL

—Weekly—
Is published every Thursday Office on Illinois St.,
Second Block North of Washington.
The State Sentinel will contain a much larger
amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general
interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.
TERMS.—Two dollars a year, always in advance.
In no instance will more than one number be sent till
the money is received. Subscribers will receive due
notice a few weeks before the expiration of each year
or term, and if the payment for a succeeding year or
term be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued.
This rule will be strictly adhered to in all cases.
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three copies will be sent one year for the same.
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ADVERTISEMENTS, will be inserted three times
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The Aid-de-Camp of Santa Anna.

(Translated for the *Albion*, from the *Gazette des Tribunes*.)

Mexico is a favored land for travellers in search of the romantic. A favored land, where formerly so much renowned to the narrow passes of the Sierra Morena and of the Apennines, are no longer met with except in the outskirts of Mexico and in the forests of Vera Cruz. Robbery and assassination have pursued in these countries, their fascinations, and their poetry. The Mexican adventurer has not exchanged their vast *sombreros* for the ignoble cap of our bandits, their flowing *zarape* for a blue blouse, their *machete* for a knife. There the Robin Hoods, the Mandrins and organized bands still exist. Often even enjoying general esteem, public functionaries even, have been members of these dangerous associations, and that shadow of a government, which rules in Mexico has been unable to put an end to such incredible anomalies, or to oppose to these robberies any effective measures of suppression.

In the early part of April, 1838, Mr. L***, a wealthy merchant of Mexico, compelled by important business to go to Europe with all his family, before leaving for Vera Cruz, went to the residence of General Santa Anna. He was introduced immediately to Santa Anna, and was easily accessible to the latter. He is a thin, wiry man, with a piercing eye, sharp nose and olive complexion. One can read in them the crafty cunning of the Indian, and the daring of the Spaniard. Santa Anna was alone with his aid-de-camp, Colonel Yanez, a young man of remarkable beauty. The latter was turning over the contents of a package of despatches, with such profound attention, that the Mexican merchant could not make his salutation and seated himself without Yanez appearing to be aware of his presence. Mr. L*** then explained to the Gen. that, alarmed by the attacks and assassinations which were committed every day, he had come to beg that he would grant him an escort, so that he might make the journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz in safety. "Frankly," said Santa Anna, "I cannot do so. I am a man of reflection, I advise you to go of considerable value, I advise you not to take an escort, for you know that our dragons too often appropriate to themselves the property they are charged to protect. It would be better to direct Vermont, a French saddler in the street Las Calenas, to make a trunk with a false bottom, in which your wife's diamonds and your most valuable articles might be concealed. If you are attacked, open your trunk without hesitation, and abandon to them its contents, which you should take care to make as trifling as possible." This advice, hazardous as it appeared to be, seemed to Mr. L*** the only one that it would be expedient to follow. He took leave of the General, and whilst he was going towards the door, Col. Yanez, who during the conversation appeared to be concealed, arose, moved his head imperceptibly, and cast on the merchant one keen, rapid glance. The trunk with the false bottom was ordered from Vermont's, and Mr. L*** quitted the city of Mexico during the night, riding on horseback by the side of the litter in which his wife and children were, a number of *arrieros* guarding the mules laden with the baggage. The little caravan reached Puebla without accident, and there for two days, and again setting forth at sunset on the evening of the third. They saw shining in the distance the gigantic peak of Orizaba, crossed the plain of Acajutla, and arrived safely at the mountain gorge which terminates it. This is a narrow, dark ravine, at the extremity of which different paths meet. For a long time this ravine has had a bad reputation, and five or six white stumps, surrounded by crosses, which rise here and there, attest that it has not been undeserved. According to the custom of the Spanish mulattoes, the *arrieros*, all asleep on their mules, sang the well known air *Del caballo*:

"Mi muger e mi caballo,
Se murieron en tu tiempo,
Mi hijo and mi wife
Died some time ago."

What was their surprise when many sonorous voices, mingling with theirs, continued the couplet by these two lines—

"Que muger y que caballo
El caballo es tu sienta."
It is not the wife, but by the devil
It is the horse that I regret.

They had not time however, to reflect very long on this strange incident, for the caravan was almost immediately surrounded by a score of brigands, issuing, as if by enchantment, from the ravine. Notwithstanding the cries of terror which escaped from the wife, Mr. L*** was not discomposed; he saw without apparent emotion the robbers upset his baggage and seize his trunk. He perceived them to be between one of them, with an expressive gesture showing him his long sharp weapons, skillfully put between the body of the trunk and the false bottom, which he at once tore off. The merchant, at first motionless with astonishment, went into a violent rage; but the bandit pointing to the shining blade of his knife, said to him in a very soft tone, "No useless resistance, Senor, if you love your life." Then turning towards Mme. L***, who, pale with fear, was shielding her two children with her body, he said, "I have no fears, Senor," he added, "we are cavaliers and know the respect due to ladies." Disdaining to appropriate to themselves articles of trifling value, they limited themselves to seizing the diamonds of Mme. L*** and some black Californian pearls of considerable value.

Returning to Mexico, Mr. L*** hastened to make his deposition, and to bring the matter to the attention of this singular robbery. It was very evident that the attack had been premeditated. Now two men only had been informed of the false bottom contrived in Mr. L***'s trunk; General Santa Anna and the French saddler, Vermont. The latter was arrested in consequence, but to the accusation against him he opposed the clearest and most minute explanations. Every thing combined to lead to the innocence of the French saddler, Vermont. The latter was a man of high reputation for honesty, his solitary life, his testimony of his neighbors which proved that he had not left Mexico on the day of the robbery nor on those preceding it. In consideration of these facts undoubtedly established, Vermont was set at liberty, and the real instigator of the robbery was yet undiscovered.

This event was not yet forgotten when the rumor was circulated that a murder had just been committed in broad daylight, in the house of the Swiss Consul, M. Maigret, not far from the palace of the former viceroy, Count de Galvez. At first no one gave credit to this news, because the street San Cosmo, on which M. Maigret's residence was situated, is one of the most frequented in the city. What added still more to the impossibility of the story was, that at noon, the hour when they said the murder had been committed, M. Defodis, minister from France, Mr. Pachenham, an English envoy, with several of their colleagues had met at a morning party given at a mansion directly opposite that of the Swiss Consul. The report was, however, but too true. The assassins had entered the house by the street door, they had seized the Indian servant, his only domestic, gagged and bound him firmly; then they had rushed on the Consul, whom the noise of the struggle had attracted to the spot. M. Maigret, although taken by surprise, had opposed to his murderers a terrible resistance. There were deep and frightful wounds in his temples and on his breast. And they drew from the clenched hand of the corpse a metal button, hanging to a piece of



BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN. INDIANAPOLIS, JANUARY 30, 1845. Volume IV Number 32.

blue cloth. This was but a feeble glimmer of light to guide the investigations of justice, and they were almost weary with their efforts, when Messrs. Defodis and Pachenham, acting as the organs of all the diplomatic and consular bodies, energetically insisted upon persevering in the search. Their determined movements were not fruitless. Suspicion was directed towards a dragoon of the 4th regiment, who from being a poor man with nothing but his soldier's pay, had suddenly become rich and prodigal, without being able to explain in a satisfactory manner the origin of his inextinguishable resources. A search secretly conducted, changed suspicion into certainty by the discovery of a blue cloth coat on which a button was wanting. The one found in the dead man's hand was compared with the others, and the metal, casting and style were found to be the same. As almost always happens, the murderer had neglected to destroy the only evidence which could convict him. He was arrested. Strengthened by new proofs, the charges which weighed on the accused had acquired so great a load of evidence that it was impossible to deny his participation in the crime. Nevertheless, all the efforts of the Judge could not move him to confess the details of it, and in the hope, doubtless, that a hidden and powerful protector would shelter him from punishment, he obstinately refused to name his accomplices.

Criminal justice is expeditious. The third day after the condemnation, a mournful train entered the street of San Cosmo, and stopped before the mansion in which the deed had been committed. With his head shaven, his neck and feet bare, the murderer, holding a lighted taper in his right hand, and attended by a Spanish Franciscan friar, was obliged to kneel upon the threshold and ask pardon. This first expiation accomplished, the train again took up the march through crowds of people, who thronged from the gates of St. Augustine to the shady walk of the Almada. They noticed that the condemned sought to catch from some one in the multitude, some signal; but disappointed in his expectation, his brow contracted and he hid his lips with rage. This mark of irritation, however, was the only one that excited him—for men of such temperament have a profound disdain for life. They kill without pity—they die without fear.

Although belonging to the army, the dragoon Antonio, having committed an infamous murder, was not deemed worthy of a soldier's death; he was condemned to the *garrote*. The *garrote* is not unlike the guillotine, and more cruel in its operation. It consists of a platform elevated about six feet; in the middle is a seat placed against a post, to which an iron collar, half open, is suspended. The executioner, standing behind the chair, passes the collar around the neck of the condemned, closes it in a twinkling, then turns a screw, inflicting instant death. A long curtain descending at the same moment from the top of the post, envelops the dying man completely. Arrived before the scaffold, the prisoner again cast a lingering gaze on the crowd; then shaking his head as though he had lost his last scruple with his last hope, he turned towards an officer, and with a loud, distinct voice, said—"Senor, my principal accomplice, the chief of our band, is Col. Yanez, the aid-de-camp of Gen. Santa Anna." This unexpected disclosure excited a much surprised and distrust. How could the prisoner have known that the most distinguished officer in Mexico, the intimate friend of Santa Anna, the lover of his sister Dolores, was a highway robber, an assassin? However impossible the fact might appear, the authorities were determined to clear up the mystery. The execution of Antonio was consequently delayed. The General, Count Jose de la Cortina, then Governor of the city, ordered the officers, Capt. Olegaza, to the residence of Yanez. At search there led to very important discoveries—the seizure of a mysterious correspondence in cypher, a quantity of jewelry, of valuable articles of every kind, the greater part of which were afterwards recognized as belonging to Mr. L***, plundered a month before, on the road to Vera Cruz. The same day, Yanez was arrested, when going out of the Government Palace, and confined in the public prison in this city. Here in this confinement, when a lady enveloped in a black silk mantle, her face covered with a thick veil, presented herself at the house of the magistrate, Capt. Olegaza. The unknown visitor employed all the resources of her mind, words of winning persuasiveness and eloquent tears, to interest the Judge in the fate of Yanez, and to prevail upon him to destroy the evidence against him. She even went so far as to offer him 30,000 piastres; but the soldier repulsed this offer with indignation, although he might have easily recognized by her melodious voice and brilliant beauty, the sister of the President, la Senora Dona Dolores.

A week had not elapsed, when Capt. Olegaza seized with violent pains after breakfast, died in frightful convulsions, which left no doubt in the minds of the physicians that he had been poisoned. The crimes proceeded no further, but the secret influences continued. Seduced by the offer of five hundred ounces of gold, the clerk of the unfortunate judge consented to withdraw the papers which compromised Yanez. But he had no sooner effected his purpose, than a vague remorse seized him, and he went to relate all to his confessor. The Priest refused him absolution, threatening him with eternal perdition if he did not replace the stolen papers. The clerk, in dismay, obeyed the command, but was unable to return the 5000 piastres to the mysterious giver, whose name he knew not, and whose face he had not seen. The second Judge, Col. Don Jose Calvo, who was charged to proceed with the case commenced by Olegaza, was a courageous and honest man. He was a Spaniard, born at Havana, and had fought with honor in the wars of the Peninsula. Made prisoner by the French and kindly treated by them during his captivity, he retained a grateful recollection of France. He was particularly to M. Deffodis, who, as Minister from France, was by treaty specially bound to protect Swiss residents, that Mexico was also a land of justice and civilization.

Not that he was blind to the danger of his position. Although Santa Anna, with accustomed dissimulation, had effected absolute indifference in the circumstances, yet Colonel Calvo was not ignorant that Yanez had been his aid-de-camp and his friend. He remembered that General Valencia, commander of the department, when informed, a few minutes after the assassination, that two of the suspected murderers had taken refuge in a tavern, in the suburbs, had replied—"Que los dejen, los poltrones," let them go, the poor wretches. In fine, the fate of his predecessor, poisoned by a drug mixed in a cup of chocolate, was assuredly of a nature to make him reflect. There was peril, but there was devotion too.

As to Yanez, the good fortune of his life of liberty followed him to prison. He had received these numerous marks of interest, and the day after his arrest, his jailer had delivered to him a small note, on which was traced in a feminine hand the three words, "Courage, Love, Hope." He learned besides, through the same hidden agency, that the papers which proved his guilt had been withdrawn from the package and without doubt destroyed. In the absence of these proofs, the confessions of Antonio alone could, by enlightening justice, arm against him his severities. But Yanez never doubted that at the sight of his Chief, Antonio would retract. In fact, what could he gain by making two victims? This conviction strengthened Yanez against all fear,

and never perhaps had he appeared more completely master of himself, than on the day when he appeared before his judges. Scarcely had he taken his place on the prisoner's bench, when Antonio came to seat himself there with six other accomplices whose arrest had taken place. By a movement either voluntary or intentional, Yanez recoiled with disgust, and without saying a word, fixed upon this false brother, who had betrayed his chief to the executioner, without having for his information even the excuse of his own interest—a look so full of withering contempt and indignation, that Antonio, stupefied, stammered forth some unintelligible replies to the pressing interrogatories of the judge, turned pale, then red, and striking the bar with his clenched hand, angrily replied, "I will say nothing, I know nothing—my life is yours, take it." Yanez believed himself saved. He did not know that the letters found in his house had been replaced in the package by the clerk. So he confined himself to scornful denials, and when Colonel Calvo displayed the enormity of the crimes imputed to him, holding him forth as a robber chief, an assassin, planning murder, and from afar putting in motion the hands which executed it, Yanez replied by a cold smile to these terrible words. Then don Jose Calvo exhibited the fatal papers. This was like a thunder-bolt. The doubt which had seized the minds of the judges, gave place to deep conviction. The sentence of the Court Martial, given amidst profound silence, doctored Yanez and his seven accomplices to death. A shriek, the thrilling anguish of which no words can describe, followed the reading of the sentence. As to Yanez, he preserved all his firmness. "Man condemnas, and God absolves!" said he; and rising he saluted his judges.

Three days after a countless multitude composed of Lepers and Indians thronged the plain on which the instruments of punishment had been erected. An altar was placed at the right of the scaffold. The balconies on those streets which led to the place were filled with high-born dames among whom it was easy to distinguish Dona Dolores by her beauty and her paleness.

Very soon appeared a party of alguazils in black robes, with heavy carbines, preceding "the Brotherhood of the Dying." A capuchin, bare-footed, girt about by a rope, reciting with a low voice the penitential psalms, walked near Antonio and the other prisoners, each of which had a cross on his hands. Yanez who had fainted when leaving the prison, was borne on a mule, led by one of the inferior officers.

As this frightful train approached, Dona Dolores convulsively pressed between her fingers the beads of her rosary, and when it passed beneath her balcony, she leaned her head over the balustrade, gazed anxiously on her lover, and remarking his fixed eyes and marble like countenance, exclaimed with a burst of wild grief—"No, Yanez, the executioner shall never touch thee living." Then drawing from the folds of her dress, a poniard, she raised her arm to strike herself with it, when her husband, a grave, stern man, who, standing behind her, had observed with attention every movement, grasped her arm, saying coldly, "you have the right to live—now that he is dead." Yanez had been poisoned that very morning with one of those quick poisons so well known to the Mexican Indians, which kill almost instantaneously. This was the last proof of love, which he had received from Dolores. His corpse was nevertheless carried upon the scaffold before Antonio, who submitted to his fate with marvellous intrepidity. They say that Santa Anna, who did not leave his palace during the whole day, imitating Louis XIII., said to General Valencia, pointing to the sky, dark with filtering clouds—"Our dear Yanez will have unpleasant weather to die in."

By means of a considerable sum, Dona Dolores obtained permission of the archbishop to have the body of Yanez buried in the garden of San Fernando.

NOBLE REVENGE.—During General Burgoyne's destructive campaign in New York, he ordered his troops to burn the beautiful mansion of the American Genl. Schuyler, and destroy all the property they could find. Not long after, General Burgoyne was obliged to surrender himself and his army, as prisoners of war, to the Americans. The celebrated Lady Ackland who followed the fortunes of her husband with such remarkable constancy and fortitude, was then in the British camp. "I went," said she, nearly as I can recollect the words, "over to the Americans soon after our surrender, taking my children with me in my favorite calash, I acknowledge I felt timid as I passed through the enemy's camp; but no insult was offered me, and I saw no symptoms of any kind to respect, and compassion for my misfortunes. Arrived at Gen. Gates' tent, a gentleman came forward to meet me from my calash, and said in a soothing tone, 'you tremble madam, do not be alarmed; and when he took the children from the carriage he clasped the youngest to his manly bosom and kissed it tenderly. The tears came to my eyes as I said, 'Surely, sir you are a husband and a father.' It was Gen. Schuyler!—whose property had so recently been destroyed by our army." He afterwards invited General Burgoyne and other officers to visit his house for several days, and "you treat me with kindness and hospitality," said the British General, "although I have done you so much injury." That was the fortune of war," replied Gen. Schuyler, "let us think no more of it."—*American Anecdotes.*

A TRAITOR'S REWARD.—The following version of a well known fact is related in the *Journal and Letters* of the late Samuel Curwen, himself a Tory and a refugee from America:

"In the House of Commons, March 20, 1782, Lord Surrey happening to spy Arnold, the American second General, in the House, sent him a message to depart, threatening in case of refusal, to move for breaking up the gallery; to which the General answered that he was introduced by a member; to which Lord Surrey replied in a mild tone, 'I am not a member, but I will promise never to enter it again, with which General Arnold complied. This is the second instance of public disrespect he has met with; the King having been forced to engage his royal word not to employ or pension him; a just reward for treachery, which is ever odious.'"

GAYETY.—There are two kinds of gayety: the one arises from a sense of heart, being touched by no party, sympathizing with no pain even of its own causing; it shines and glitters like a frost-bound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from excess of heart; that is, from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all men and all things; and suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it causes from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer, and running down to give felicity and increase to all within and even to many beyond its reach.

How singular and terrible circumstances can alter a man's mind, and change the color of his thoughts. One passion may become so furiously triumphant over his whole nature, as to silence and swallow up every other feeling in his heart.

The Cripple Boy.

BY LOUIS L. MOORE.

Upon the Indian path-mat, spread
Where but a few days ago he lay,
Alone he sat, a cripple-child,
With eyes so large, so dark and wild,
And fingers, thin and pale to see,
Locked upon his trembling knee.
A gathering mist so blithe and gay,
The children easily tripped away;
And he his mother had besought,
Under the oak to have him brought;
It was ever his heart-black-bird's song
The wailing tones among—
They called his pain—they cheered his loneliness—
The wailing—muse of the wilderness.

Upon a prairie, wild and wide,
Looked off that suffering cripple-child:
The breeze was breezy, the hour was bright—
O, 'twas a lovely, lovely sight!
An eagle, sailing to and fro
Around a fitting cloud so white,
Humming a lightness tune of yore,
Darting with his shadow's light;
And mingled notes, sweet and clear,
Noises out of the living wood,
Were pleasing trouble to his ear.
A shock how pleasant to his blood.
O, happy world!—Blessed and blessed sleep!
O, every thing but him—his feet, and wept.

Humming a lightness tune of yore,
Beside the open log-house door,
Tears upon his sickly cheek
Saw his mother, and so did speak:
But at home a hunter he lay,
You and I the cottage keep;
They hunt the snipe and clatters blue,
Weary hays, for me and you;
A prairie wide and green below,
And tell the warden I had seen
Away upon the ocean green;
"Hush! hush! talk not near the ocean sea!"
But at home a hunter he lay.

Between a tear and a sigh he smiled;
And thus spake on the cripple-child—
"I would I were a hunter hale,
Nimble than the nimble deer,
Bounding lightly down the dale,
But that will never be, I know!
Behind our house the woodlands lie!
A prairie wide and green below,
And I have seen them with my eye
A thousand times or more;
Yet in the woods I never stayed,
Or on the prairie I never played.
O, mother dear, that I could only be
A sailor boy upon the rocking sea!"

You would have turned with a tear,
A tear upon your cheek;
But he said, "I would I were a hunter hale,
Nimble than the nimble deer,
Bounding lightly down the dale,
But that will never be, I know!
Behind our house the woodlands lie!
A prairie wide and green below,
And I have seen them with my eye
A thousand times or more;
Yet in the woods I never stayed,
Or on the prairie I never played.
O, mother dear, that I could only be
A sailor boy upon the rocking sea!"

MORNING CALL.—In fashionable society in Paris the practice of receiving calls is very different from that which prevails in this country. There, instead of receiving calls every day, a particular day is set apart for the purpose. The friends of the lady, knowing the day on which she is willing to receive them, never think of calling on any other day. And, when strangers call, the servants at once inform them that the lady of the house is not "visible," but will be on a particular day. The arrangement is, doubtless, a much better one than that of receiving no calls for months, or of receiving calls every day, in military phraseology, is called "an affair of honor." Nothing indeed, short of physical necessity ever induces them to deny themselves to their acquaintances on that day. A lady will actually rise from a bed of sickness, contrary to the earnest entreaties of her physician, to receive visitors, even should she thereby peril her life; and instances are known in which Perilous ladies have fallen victims to the excessive anxiety to meet their friends on their weekly "audience days."—*Paris and its People.*

A DERIVATION OF "GENTLEMAN."—In the age of Valentinian, the converts to Christianity in the Western Empire consisted chiefly of the middle classes, the townsmen. The agricultural population still adhered to the traditions and superstitions of their ancestors with such tenacity, that the word "Paganus," which literally signified the inhabitants of rural districts, became a generic name for all classes of idolaters. In the higher ranks, the Christians were chiefly found among the officers of state, and the ministers of the Imperial court, who were for the most part unconnected with the patrician body, and owed their elevation either to their military services or to imperial favor. The old patrician families, who affected to trace their descent to the great aristocratic houses of the ancient republic—the "Gentiles," as they loved to call themselves—adhered to polytheism, which now alone afforded any external evidence of their hereditary rank and hence "gentile-like" or "gentile-like" came to be used indifferently for a man of exalted birth or polished manners, and for one who rejected the truths of Christianity.

There is a cruelty in feminine coquetry, which is one of nature's contradictions. Formed of the softest materials—the gentle smile and the soothing word—yet nothing can exceed its utter hard-heartedness. Its element is vanity, of the coldest, hardest and most selfish order; it sacrifices all sense of right, all kindly feelings, all pity, for the sake of a transient triumph.

The poets feigned that Daphne was changed into a laurel when flying from Apollo—to show that girls who avoid their lovers must be green.

A Newspaper Establishment.

The following article, which we find in the Boston Transcript, gives some idea of the nature of a newspaper establishment, and, although the London Times is an extreme case, may serve as a warning to those who are so ready now-a-days, with little or no capital, to embark in a 50 responsible and costly undertaking.

Persons are apt to think that it is an easy matter to establish a paper, and many individuals have tried the experiment to their heart's and purse's cost. Observe the many deaths that have taken place of late years with newly started literary periodicals and small journals, and when you ask the cause—it is the want of funds—a vital disease with newspapers, and akin to the want of breath with the human constitution. We have been led to these brief remarks by seeing in a foreign journal, an enumeration of the expenditures of the London Times, the largest paper in the world, circulating probably the largest number of copies. It is emphatically a profitable paper too, and this cannot be to any extent of our American journals.

The statement to which we have alluded, has respect to the receipts as well as the expenditures, and commences with the editorial expenses, which amount weekly to £65; then follows the salaries of correspondents, £240; the expenses of postage, £100; the expenses of printing and composition weekly amounts to £230; the expenses for the managing clerks, book-keeping, &c., £256; adding to it the interest upon capital sunk by the establishment for building, machinery, type, &c., amounts to the sum, weekly, of £1,100; therefore per annum of £32,000, or \$250,000. The payments to government for stamps and advertisements form a volume of £300 pages, so that the budget of receipts of the same journal is as follows: In the years 1842-43, 6,000,000 copies were sold per annum, amounting to about £125,000, or \$600,000. The entire expenditure, with the exception of the payment to the Government for stamps, &c., amounts to \$303,000.

It appears that the annual profits derived from the advertisements, of which no account is given, but the average number of each copy of the Times contains from 700 to 1,000 announcements, 4,000 to 7,000 per week, and annually 208,000 to 364,000 announcements. It has also been calculated, that 480,000 typographical letters are used to each copy on an average, and each such copy, divided into octavo pages, will form a volume of 360 pages, so that the 6,000,000 impressions of the Times annually in circulation would form a library of 6,000,000 volumes in octavo.

The number of letters received per day at the Times office amounts upon an average to 130, making annually as many as 40,000! We find, however, no calculation for the time spent in their examination. The Times newspaper is a "great fact" in the history of journalism, requiring constant activity (mental and physical) to sustain it, and exerting an immense influence. In our own country, not a paper can be compared with it, and yet, as we have said, our American journals are attended with tremendous expenses. When we hear the birth of a new paper, we wonder at the moral courage of the editor in giving it a being, and if it survive to its second year, we are ready to cry—a miracle!

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity will suffice to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the water of the Himalaya mountains, in its lower course, is at one place, and the current, from its mouth, only eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; that is about twice as high as St. Paul's Church in London, and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Madalena, in South America, running for a thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all the distance. Above the equator, the mountainous regions, the current descends in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Parana, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way, by the force of the wind alone; that is to say, which on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spire.—*Pottsville Gazette.*

AMERICAN CLOCK.—A novel species of clock has recently been introduced from the United States. These clocks are shaped something like hall clocks, the principal novelty of them consisting of a sheet of paper or looking glass being fixed in the door under phylology, is called "an affair of honor." Nothing indeed, short of physical necessity ever induces them to deny themselves to their acquaintances on that day. A lady will actually rise from a bed of sickness, contrary to the earnest entreaties of her physician, to receive visitors, even should she thereby peril her life; and instances are known in which Perilous ladies have fallen victims to the excessive anxiety to meet their friends on their weekly "audience days."—*Paris and its People.*

There is a large debt of gratitude due to the Chinese, which has never been sufficiently acknowledged. It is to them, we are indebted for some of the most important discoveries connected with the present present state of the arts and sciences. From them we derived the chief of all arts, printing, and even movable types, and that invaluable acquisition, the marine's compass; peculiar stores, chain bridges, spectacles, silver forks, Indian ink, chain pump, winnowing machine, besides many others; and to correct a popular error, which attributes to our fellow-citizens of Connecticut, the invention of "wooden hams," it may as well be remarked, that these are also of Chinese origin. Le Compté, says they are so atrociously constructed, that numerous buyers are constantly deceived, and frequently it is not till one is boiled and ready to be eaten, that it is discovered to be "nothing but a large piece of wood under a hog's skin." But if China has produced specimens of dishonest ingenuity, she has, in the tread mill, furnished one of the greatest terrors to evil doers.

It is a mistake to suppose that newspapers are printed for amusement, and that printers deem it a compliment when a friend begs half a dozen to give away.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

and Measures.
A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.
A strict construction of the Constitution, and no assumption of doubtful powers.
No National Bank to swindle the laboring population.
No connection between the government and banks.
A Diplomacy, asking for nothing but what is clearly right and submitting to nothing wrong.
No public debt, either of the National Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.
No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly or indirectly, by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.
A Revenue tariff, discriminating in favor of the poor consumer instead of the rich capitalist.
No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.
A constitutional barrier against improvident State loans.
The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.
A gradual return from a paper credit system.
No grants of money, charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.
No connection between Church and State.
No proscription for honest opinions.
Fostering aid to public education.
A "progressive" reformation of all abuses.

A QUEER AND REMARKABLE TRIAL.—New Kind of Lover's Suit.

A most remarkable suit, and as amusing as remarkable, was tried in the Boston Court of Sessions on Wednesday. It was a little action brought by Nathaniel Haley against George B. Wiggins and wife, to recover the worth of certain articles advanced to Mrs. Wiggins, when she was Miss Mary Ann Tibbetts, and when Mr. Nathaniel Haley was wooing her, and which he intended at that time to be considered as love tokens. Mr. Wiggins put in for Miss Tibbetts, and being the licentious man of the two, won them, and poor Haley was left without any redress for the injury done to his lacerated affections but the bringing of a suit to recover the money's worth of the pledges and testimonials of a love so cruelly slighted. These "tokens" consisted of presents of gifts, and certain sums advanced for her benefit, and in payment of such little charges as young gentlemen incur when they give their lady-loves excursions in the country in horse carriages and over railroads. It is not to be supposed that he repented of these acts of good will, these tokens of sweet remembrances, till circumstances transpired which changed their relative positions, and left him deprived of his lady-love, and her chosen object of love's affections. The following is the "bill of Particulars":

George Wiggins to Nathaniel Haley, Dr.
To cash lent M. A. Tibbetts from 1840 to 1844, \$25 00
To cash paid for, during said time, for board, railroad and stage fares, and various articles of wearing apparel and other things, 30 00
Goods sold and delivered to said Mary Ann during said time—2 pair kid shoes, slawl, basket, umbrella and muff, 20 00

It was contended for the defendant, that these presents were gifts which the lover, having failed in one kind of suit, sought by another to change into the character of a contract. The jury was not satisfied with the proof brought by the plaintiff to show that there was a contract, and they could not agree, consequently the slighted Mr. H. obtained no satisfaction from the law. The case should be instructive to young gentlemen similarly situated, and teach them not to be too extravagant at first in bribing the affections of their fair ones, unless they make charge of it at the time in their books.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.—There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of a child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should lavish, whilst they straighten themselves in every thing else. They should wear the cheapest live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children; provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful and honorable part in the world. No language can express more cruelly or fully that of economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart.—*Channing.*

REWARDS OF ENTERPRISE.—About a dozen years ago, the brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, were compositors in a printing office; now they are the proprietors of one of the largest establishments of the kind in the world. Their warehouses are so extensive that the bindery alone will accommodate some two hundred and fifty persons; the buildings are eleven stories in height, being situated on the side of a hill. Each floor is appropriated to a particular branch of the business; the compositors' room, the press room, the stereotyping department, the binding, publishing, and the editorial rooms. The circulation of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal is ninety thousand weekly; this thousand of their Cyclopaedia of English Literature, and of their Educational Series some fifty thousand. The total quantity of printed sheets issued of their several publications was estimated at about seven millions annually.—*Jour. of Com.*

Miss LEENE NICHOLS, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Nichols of Monmouth, Kennebec Co., while at work in a factory in Dorchester, Mass. some four years since, was offered very liberal wages to go to Mexico, and engage in a factory just established there. She with eight others, accepted the offer. While there she became acquainted with Ferrera, the present revolting and successful General, with whom she contracted marriage. She made a visit to her friends in Maine, last summer, during which she received frequent letters from Ferrera. She left here in July or August last, for Mexico, via New York, where she obtained a license; and was united in marriage to Gen. Ferrera, by his representative, the general not being able to leave Mexico—a step rendered necessary, as the parties were Protestants, and could not be married in Mexico, a Catholic country. Ferrera is now President of Mexico, having been elected to the national palace in the city, and this Kennebec "Factory" now "revs in the Halls of Montezuma." Gen. Ferrera is of German extraction.

An exchange paper contains an anecdote of a lady who was overtaken with a commodity commonly called modesty. Her husband had been endeavoring to convince her of the impropriety of a female wearing pants, but she always failed, until one morning he said—"My dear, do you know those buttons on your pants have got eyes?" The wife immediately burst into tears and pulled them right off.

To cure intolerance, Mirabeau gives the following recipe—Take one gill of as good water as ever leaked from the sky, add one spoonful of loaf sugar, one sprinkling of nutmeg, one bit of mint, one gill of the best French brandy. Then clap in a red-hot pepper, and then—throw it anywhere but down your throat. This remedy never fails.

An Irish tailor made a gentleman's coat and waistcoat, and he was to have a pair of trousers to let them out. Some days after, the gentleman inquiring for his garment, was told by the tailor that the coat and waistcoat had been sold by a countryman, but let them out at eight pence a week.

A lady having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple-tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of that tree, to save it, grafted into her own orchard; "for who knows," said she, "but it may bear the same fruit!"

A minister out